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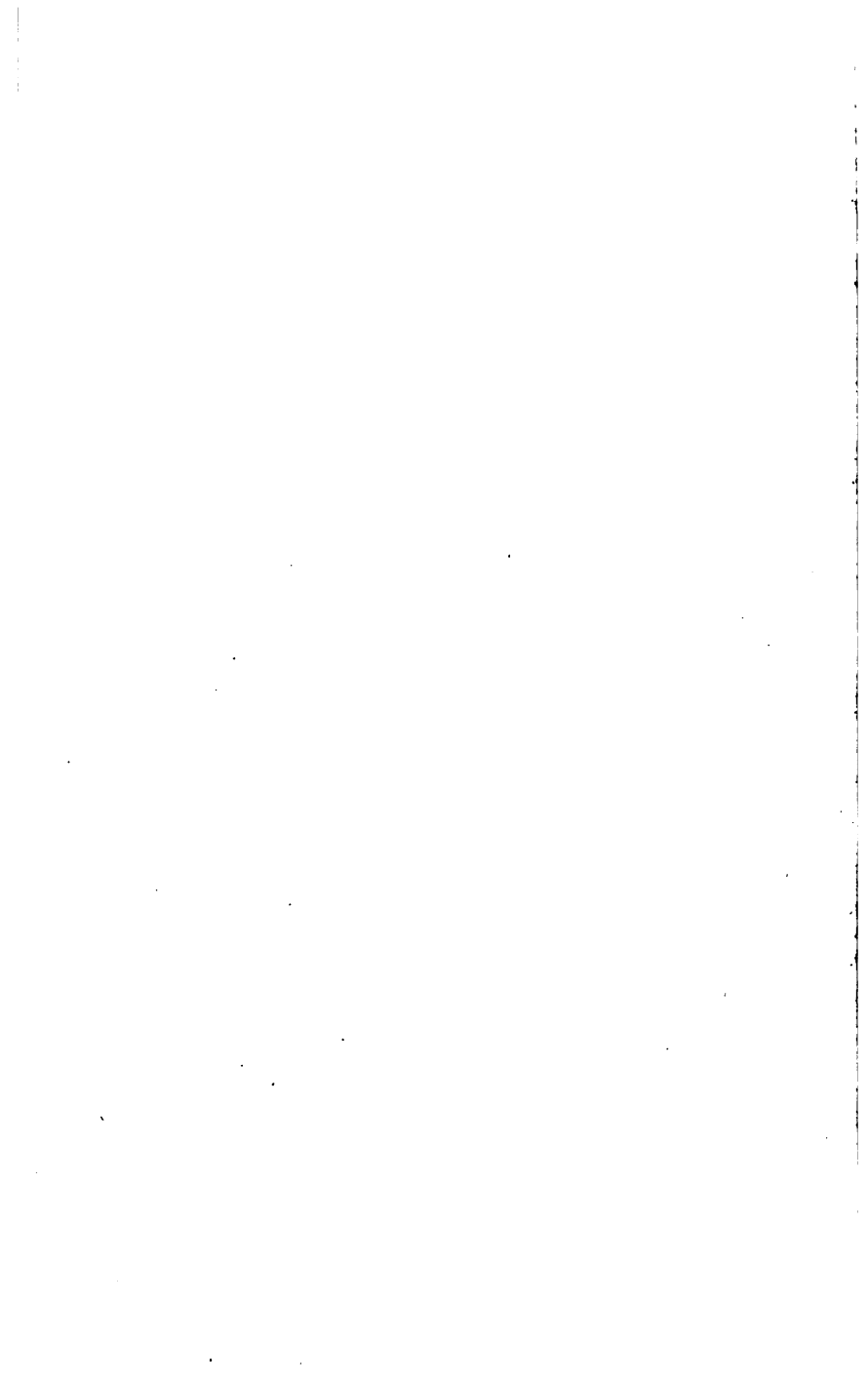
Drake's Bay
and Other Poems

Browne



Mr Conant.

Christmas 1918



**DRAKE'S BAY
AND OTHER POEMS**

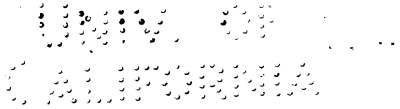


DRAKE'S BAY

and Other Poems

BY

MRS. J. D. H. BROWNE



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THE YOUNG CHURCHMAN CO.

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1913

TO THE
YOUNG CHURCHMAN
ASSOCIATION

THIS LITTLE BOOK OF VERSES, SCATTERED OVER
A NUMBER OF YEARS, IS PUBLISHED AT THE
REQUEST OF MANY FRIENDS, TO WHOM IT IS
GRATEFULLY DEDICATED BY THE AUTHOR

970089

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Drake's Bay

1579.

It was three centuries ago ;
No white man's foot these shores had trod ;
No prayer from Christian lips below
Had mounted to the Throne of God ;
And, under skies of wondrous blue,
Between the mountains and the sea,
In virgin robes of varied hue,
Inwrought with flowers, fair and free,
The land lay waiting.

It was three centuries ago ;
The mountains in their rocky breast,
The rivers in their ceaseless flow,
Held golden secrets unconfessed ;
The lavish earth brought forth anew
Growths strange and beautiful to see,
Nursed by the sunshine and the dew,
They told of wonders that might be.
The land lay waiting.

Three centuries ago and more,
When lo ! there came, with white wings furled,
A ship, slow gliding to the shore,
The unknown shore of this new world ;

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

The bay, with outstretched arms, appeared
To welcome to its safe embrace;
The shore, as still the sailors neared,
Seemed like a friend's familiar face;
The land lay waiting.

A goodly land to them it seemed,
Wearied of warfare and of waves,
A land like home—they may have dreamed—
This strong Sir Francis and his braves.
Grateful for perils safely o'er
Of flood and foe, down kneel they there
Upon the white sands of the shore,
And one lifts up his voice in prayer
To God most Holy.

A man of peace, yet who had shared
The perils of the flood and foe,
Another Francis who had dared
Forth in his Master's name to go.
He lifts his voice;—O sacred words,
Time-hallowed words of prayer and praise,—
Dear Mother Church, what tender chords
Thou touchest! Blessed are thy ways,
Spouse meek and lowly!

God's priest, upon that unknown shore,
Was prophet, though he knew it not;
Thousands on thousands now adore
Where then no soul its Maker sought;

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

There, though unseen, the Cross was reared,
The heathen land for God was claimed,
The angels sang there, though unheard,
Though still for centuries, unnamed,
The land lay waiting.

It was three centuries ago;
Forth sailed the ship and came no more;
The ocean, in its ebb and flow,
Still sang God's praises to the shore.
In rhythmic change, years came and went,
Earth ever decked herself anew,
On "desert airs" her sweetness spent,
While 'neath her canopy of blue,
The land lay waiting.

But lo! at last, in God's own hour,
From far-off lands the people came,
And guided by His Gracious Power,
The heralds of His Holy Name.
And He, in whose Eternal sight
A thousand years are as a day,
Has shed abroad His Glorious Light
Upon the land that waiting lay.

Under His Banner

1898.

Men's hearts are thrilling as they see
Our banners waving to the war,
Waving to death or victory
On hostile shores or seas afar.

Our hearts are thrilling as we hear
The measured tramp of countless feet,
Of stalwart men who know not fear
And spurn the mention of defeat.

Our country's flag! O symbol dear
Of mother-land so great and free,
We hail thee with a smile and tear,
And bless the brave who fight for thee.

Yet when I see thy ample folds
Swell proudly to the conscious air,
And when mine eye the pride beholds
Of martial pomp and courage rare,

There comes a thought that quells my pride,
A thought that thrills with sudden pain,
Of thee, O King! O Crucified!
And of Thy Banner with its stain.

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

Thou blood-stained Banner of the Cross,
Time was that men would die for thee,
All earthly things were counted dross,
Thy sign once stood for victory.

Where are Thy subjects, King of Kings?
O Lord of Hosts, Thy soldiers, where?
The love that, spite of peril, clings,
The faith that scorn and shame would dare?

O Love, that for the world didst die,
Make Thou our blinded eyes to see:
Thy blessed Banner lift on high,
Win for Thyself the victory!

The Light and the Song

From the other side of the earth,
Across the waste of sea,
At the time of the Saviour's birth,
There comes a voice to me.

Along the lapse of years
Of checkered joy and pain,
Sunbright or dim with tears,
The voice comes once again.

The voice of ancient bells,
In vast grey towers hung high,
The heavenly message tells
To the listening earth and sky.

The sound of the ancient bells,
Hung high in those massive walls,
In its solemn music swells,
In its sweetest cadence falls.

It comes like a wondrous chord,
The depths of my soul to move,
It comes like a spoken word
From my childhood's faith and love.

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

Hail to the solemn chime
That memory bids me hear,
As in the dear lost time,
With mingled joy and fear.

In the far-off city street
I stand like a listening child
While the Christmas bells repeat
The heavenly message mild.

And I look with searching eyes,
While with eager heart I long,
And lo! from the star-strewn skies
Break forth the Light and the Song!

Abba. Father

Father, forgive!

Bent by the burden of our misspent years,
We cry with faltering lips and bitter tears,
With eyes that scarce can lift their gaze above,
Even to the blessed symbol of Thy love,

Father, forgive!

Father, forgive! Voiced in this single cry
The measureless regrets of years passed by,
The good that waited for our hand, not done,
The evil that so oft the victory won —

Father, forgive!

Father, forgive! They pass us one by one
The things for which we never may atone,
Deeds, words, and thoughts writ in Thine awful
Book;

How shall we stand before Thy searching look!

Father, forgive!

Yea, we dare call Thee Father, for His sake
Who came that He might sinners sinless make,
Who in the wondrous mystery of the Cross
Came to redeem us from eternal loss.

Father, forgive!

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

One cried of old: "God," and he smote his
 breast,
"Be merciful to me a sinner!" Blessed
And pardoned, for that Thy all-seeing eye
Saw his repentance and humility.

But we may call Thee by another name,
Abba—our Father! and in all our shame,
For greater light and greater gifts misused,
For Thy long suffering love and grace abused—
 Father, forgive!

England's Queen

Dear Lady who hast ruled so well and long
With gentlest hand yet strong
The widest Empire that the world has known,
Dear Lady of our love, fain had we seen
The evening of thy blameless life serene,
And white-winged Peace sit by thee on thy
throne.

We hoped that thy great heart might not again
Be pierced by England's pain,
By wail of widows or the orphan's cry,
Or mothers mourning for their sons afar,
Gone forth at the dread trumpet blast of war,
For Queen and country's sake to dare and die.

Yet it has come. Lo! the Southland once more
Resounds with battle's roar
And skies are darkened with the cannon's
breath,
Men's hearts are swelling with the combat's
rage
And England's sons are burning to engage
For England's triumph or a glorious death.

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

And in the long years of thine high estate
Never wert thou more great,

Steadfast and true to take thy queenly part,
Never to meet misfortune's front more bold,
Stronger thine Empire's honor to uphold
Or closer to thy people's throbbing heart.

Time's silver diadem that crowns thee now
Is fairer on thy brow

Than was the golden circlet of thy youth,
Dear Lady of our love, whose life has shown
The noblest virtues that adorn a throne—
No fear but fear of God, Justice and truth.

1899.

From Her to Me

A wandering thought comes at the close of day,
A white-winged thought of peace,
That gently soothes all weariness away,
And makes each care to cease.

It comes in semblance of a little child,
Lovely and deeply loved,
Who for a brief space here, all undefiled,
Amid earth's tumult moved.

And, then, beyond the reach of mortal sight,
Or past the farthest star,
Wandered at will, in spaces of the light,
Where joys undreamed of are.

So innocent, she stood but on the shore
Of this world's wisdom wide;
But now, what sages vainly would explore,
From her no veil doth hide.

O thought of healing peace, com'st thou, indeed,
From her sweet soul to mine?
To teach even me that I may something read
Of her deep lore divine.

A New Year

A new year, oh, my soul!
See in the glad sunrise
The path untrodden lies
Towards the great goal.

The path lies clear and wide,
With ample room to raise
Temples of love and praise
That may abide.

And, broadcast through the land,
By roadside, and in field,
Lie stones wherewith to build,
Cut to our hand.

Deeds waiting to be done,
Of tender charity
And sweet humility—
Each deed a stone.

Deeds waiting to be done,
Each day a cross to take
Gladly for His dear sake,
Who bore His own.

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

Deeds waiting to be done,
Sin to be crucified,
And self to be denied
Through Him alone.

My soul, why dost thou fear?
Why trembling dost thou stand
Upon the border-land
Of this new year?

Alas! the *old* year saw
Wrong for the right I willed,
The promise unfulfilled,
The broken Law!

Saw how my idle hand
Has left the good undone,
And not a victory won
That I had planned!

Well may'st thou fear, my soul,
For all thy strength is naught,
The way with danger fraught,
And far the goal.

But in the opening day,
One stands to lift thy weight
Of sin, and guide thee straight
Along the way.

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

Open thine ears and hear
That sweet and awful voice
That bids even *thee* rejoice
In His new year.

"Like Palestine"

Here in the Southland, where the olives grow
Beneath such skies as arch Judea's hills,
I love to think that He who when below
Tasted for us all human griefs and ills,
Sometimes found rest within the solemn shade
Of gnarlèd olives, in some secret glade.

Here in the Southland, where the olives grow
I think of those within Gethsemane,
Veiling the awful secret of His woe,
Mute witnesses of that dread agony,
While they the chosen three, who should have
kept
Their watch for Him, in wearied stupor slept.

Here in the Southland, where the lilies grow
In snowy ranks, like vestals tall and fair;
Where crowding roses all their beauties show
And pour their fragrance on the balmy air;
Where violets with the crocus newly born,
Lavish their sweetness on the Easter morn;

Where pansies, wet with dew, and daisies meek,
And tiniest blooms of blue and gold and red,
With upturned faces the first sunbeams seek
(Only the passion flower droops its head);

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

I love to think that in the dawning day,
Such pressed around the Risen Master's way.

Here in the Southland, where the almond tree
Puts forth its tender buds of promise rare,
Then bursts to rosy beauty suddenly;
I love to think it was so, even there,
That in the Garden thus they spread their bloom
To canopy His pathway from the tomb.

Burden Bearers

Each one we bear our burdens, as we go
Along life's highway to the end of all;
And some beneath the heavy load stoop low,
And some with faltering steps must oftentimes fall.

And some walk firmly with uplifted head,
And scorn to tell the weariness they know,
And some, with smiling lips and lightsome tread,
Clasp close the treasure that will work them woe.

Each one we bear our burden, and the way
Grows rougher as the pilgrim onward fares
Amid the heat and turmoil of the day,
The stress of passions and of pains and cares.

Yet through it all there sounds a wondrous Voice,
Whose piercing sweetness cleaves the earthly din,
And they that hear it tremble and rejoice,
And new-born hope stirs 'neath the load of sin.

"Come unto Me," it says, "Come unto Me,
Weary and heavy laden souls of men,
For I have died to set My children free,
And lo! to give them life I live again.

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

"Come, lay your burdens down beneath My Cross,
And learn of Me the secret of My peace,
And I will give you heavenly gain for loss,
For earthly sorrows, joys that cannot cease."

Ah! thronging thousands, will you not give ear,
Nor pause a moment on your weary road?
The voice is calling, but you will not hear,
Nor see the Hands outstretched to lift your load.

O Love long suffering! still in pity call,
Cease not to cry, though dull of hearing we,
So men at last at Thy dear feet shall fall
And cease from self, and Thou shalt make them
free.

"The Door Ye Have Always with You"

O Love Incarnate! when Thy holy feet
In heavenly patience walked the ways of men.
The leper and the outcast of the street,
The poor, the halt, the blind were with thee
then.

O Love! could we but love, for Thy dear sake,
Earth's hapless children whom Thou helpest
here;
Pity's sweet burden on our shoulders take
And minister, for Thee, with touch and tear!

Could we but love, not what is great alone,
Of good report, noble and pure and fair,
But sinners, for whose guilt Thou didst atone,
And outcasts in whose shame Thyself didst
share!

So might we come to touch Thy garment's fold
And with Thy Baptism baptized might be,
So might adoring from afar behold
The wondrous meekness of Thy Majesty.

Eventide

Lengthening shadows and setting sun.
And the day's work almost done.

Wide was the field ; the need was great.
Ah ! work ill done or done too late,
Though long the hours from dawn to dark.
My Lord, "be not extreme to mark."

Lengthening shadows and setting sun,
And the day's work almost done.

Thy slothful servant loved too well
To loiter in some shady dell,
To gather fair things by the way,
While on life's flowers the dew yet lay.

Thy faithless servant turned aside
—Though ever there was One to guide—
From rougher paths where for His sake
Always there stands a cross to take.

Yet could Thy self-willed servant see
Where wearied souls for shelter flee,
Where faltering feet secure may stand,
"A great rock in a weary land."

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

Lengthening shadows and setting sun
And the day's work almost done.

Master, with empty hands I come,
Of my poor labor *this* the sum.
Nothing to lay at Thy dear feet
But what is mean and incomplete,
All marred with *self* and soiled with sin,
How could it Thine acceptance win?
Yet to the sinner at Thy side,
Who shared Thy shame, O Crucified,
Thou spakest words of love divine;
Trembling I ask to make them mine.

So when the day's work all is done
And evening shadows veil the sun,
Even for *me* by Thy pierced side
It shall be "light at eventide."

The Christmas Voice

Whether in lands snow-bound or sunshine-clad
 We may abide,
A blessed influence comes to make us glad
 At Christmas-tide.

Whether from ancient towers, in sweet accord,
 The great Joy bells
Peal forth the Coming of the Infant Lord
 In sound that swells

And widens, to the city's furthest rim,
 And meets and blends
With kindred voices into one vast hymn
 That never ends;

Or in lone hamlet, where the silent lands
 All wintry lie,
And only one small spire pointing stands
 Towards the sky,

Where flocks are folded and, with stars a-light,
 The heavens bend low,
And Christmas bells sound through the listening
 night
 Across the snow.

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

And here, where white-fringed waves upon the
shore

 In music fall,
There comes an undertone from other lands,
 The Christmas call.

I hear in every solemn surge that swells,
 Cathedral chimes,
And every ebbing whisper softly tells
 Of dear, past times.

“Good will and Peace,” the boundless Western Sea
 Sings to the shore,
God’s message to the ages yet to be,
 For evermore.

Peace and good will to man in this new world!
 God grant that we
May see the banner of Thy Peace unfurled
 O’er land and sea.

Three Palms

Etched black against a pearly sky
I see at dawn three palm trees stand
Like dusky pillars soaring high
Above the trees on every hand.

These stand like hooded shapes at prayer,
Those fling their slender branches far
To greet the first faint morning air,
And some yet watch the last pale star.

But my three palms, like sentinels,
Or priests of nature's mysteries,
Each to the other whispering tells
The growing wonder that he sees.

High, high above the dewy lawn,
Above the garden's waiting blooms,
They know the secret of the dawn
And signal with their waving plumes.

Upon the pearl a primrose gleam
That, deepening, spreads—a golden way,
Then crimson banners that beseem
The coming of the king of day.

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

And then—a dazzling shaft that thrills
The palm trees with a nameless bliss;
New day the world with beauty fills,
But they have felt the sun's first kiss.

Made
20

Mission Voices

Brave old Padres, when you came,
 Counting this world's gain as loss,
In your Captain Jesus' name
 On these shores, to plant the Cross.

On these shores, so strange and sweet
 To uprear His banner blest,
And to gather to His feet
 The wild children of the West,

Wise old Padres, well ye knew
 How to quell the savage breast,
How the fierce heart to subdue,
 How to bid the wanderer rest.

Skilful builders, up and down,
 Through the mountain girded land,
Here upon a foot-hill's crown,
 There where blue waves wash the sand,

Stately arch and solemn aisle,
 Shadowed cloister, shapely tower,
Quickly grew each sacred pile;
 With them grew the Padres power.

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

And anon in niches fair,
Swinging high above each fane,
Open to the sun and air,
Hung the bells they brought from Spain!

When the solemn clangor burst
On the silence of the grove,
When the silver voices first
Rang the message of God's love,

When upon the evening clear
Faint and far their music stole,
Who may say what joy and fear
Filled the Indian's wakening soul.

Padres, between us and you
Rolls a century's solemn tide,
Dim and shadowy to our view
Walk you on the other side;

But, across the gulf of time,
Still the music of the bells
Comes in sweet and solemn chime,
And the olden message tells.

And the wanderer of today
Hears them with a swelling heart;
By the mission worn and grey,
As the sunset gleams depart,

Brooding shadows thicker grow,
Deeper purple fills the sky,
Down the roofless cloister slow
Hooded shapes seem gliding by.

Edward the King

Swift as the lightening flash the tidings sped
Around the world: "Edward, the king is dead!
And sudden as a bolt from cloudless sky,
This pain that grips the heart and dims the eye.

Best loved of kings! We question can it be
That they who loved thee best no more shall see
Thy genial face and never meet again
Thy kindly presence among living men?—

Kindly and kingly—human to the core
Of the brave heart that without flinching bore
The weight of empire and the care that clings
Beneath the ermine and the crown of kings.

Edward the Peacemaker, thy lasting fame
Shall blend through coming ages with the name
Greater than that of kings, for thou hast stood
For the world's welfare and the nation's good.

Enshrined with her who bore thee in the heart
Of thy true people—even in the smart
Of this fresh sorrow, we are glad that thou
Hast worn her regal circle on thy brow,

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

Glad thou couldst say, even with thy failing
breath

Facing with kingly calm the Conqueror Death:

"It is all over—I have done—I think

My duty—" then beyond the brink

Of the dark river, on thy wondering sight

Broke the full radiance of Celestial Light,

Where the sweet Presence of the King of Kings

To His redeemed Eternal rapture brings.

MAY 7TH, 1910.

Long Live the King

Hail, son of Edward! Hail O King new crowned,
Crowned with a pomp and glory unsurpassed
In the long annals of this wondrous world!
The peoples hail thee—not alone the lands
Wide-stretched about the globe—that own thy
 sway,

But nations rousing from their age-long sleep,
Hail thee with warm acclaim and kindling hope,
For oh, what goodly heritage is thine!
Thou son of Edward! as thy father stood
For Peace and Right, so mayst thou ever stand
Thy people's good still nearest to thine heart,
Faith in Thy God thy breast-plate, Truth thy
 sword,
And Righteousness the girdle of thy reins.

Long live the King! ah, may he live to see
The ills redressed that darken this fair world,
The poor and them that are oppressed with wrong,
Uplifted to be Men! No longer slaves
Of others' passions or their own, but free,
And "Peace with honor" a strong angel stand
Guiding the nations—Son of Edward, Hail!
Hail good King George, and may thy brave right
 hand

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

Slay every dragon that besets thy path—
St. George and Merrie England once again,
And from our hearts we cry: "Long live the
King!"

"Increase Our Faith"

Increase our Faith, oh Lord!
Be this our constant prayer;
Faith that may grasp Thy Word,
Our shield against despair.

"If ye had Faith" and then
"O ye of little Faith!"
Still pleadest Thou with men,
Thou Lord of life and death.

If *we* had Faith! Thy peace
That tongue can never tell,
The joy that cannot cease
Our thankful hearts would swell.

Faith that would know Thee near,
That thee unseen might see,
Faith that would conquer fear,
Faith that might feed on Thee!

O Christ, increase our Faith,
For what were earthly woe,
What even shame or death,
Could we but hold Thee so!

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

Light were each weary load
And pain, for Thy sake, sweet;
The roughness of life's road
No more would hurt our feet.

Darkness were light could we
But clasp Thy leading hand;
Our sight were strong to see
Things hard to understand.—

Dim is our Faith and cold,
Helpless and weak are we;
We cry with those of old,
O Merciful! to Thee.

Thou who each thought canst read,
Low at Thy feet we fall;
Thou knowest what we need,
Our greatest need of all.

"Come Unto Me"

O Lord and Master, can it be
That those dear words were meant for me?
That such as I may come to Thee?

"All ye that labor"—what have I
That I have wrought beneath the sky?
To show to Thine all-seeing eye!

The "heavy laden" Thou dost call,
But daily cares to me that fall
They are so trifling and so small.

And yet the small things of each day
Grow sometimes hard, along life's way,
And faltering steps need heavenly stay,

And the *light* cross so feebly borne
Grows heavy, and the pathway worn
By tired feet has many a thorn,

So I will come—but now I see
A barrier dark confronting me
That shuts me out from Peace and Thee.

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

How dare I come! My **life** appears
With all its past **of** wasted years
That cannot **be** washed out with tears.

Yea, as a "thick cloud" in Thy sight
Gross darkness to Thine awful Light—
Yet is Thy mercy infinite!

And through the darkness I can hear
The Blessed Voice that quells my fear
And bids me—even me—draw near.

Under the Mountains

Sunset turns the trees to gold
And the birds their vespers sing!
Evening shadows, fold on fold,
Up the valley creep and cling.

Things of day—how far they seem!
All life's cares and toiling cease;
Pains and passions but a dream
In this deep and brooding peace.

Now I lift my gaze and lo!
Sight of wonder passing speech,
Mountains, in the afterglow,
Through the azure heavenward reach.

Snow-crowned majesties they rise,
Clothed in purple, veiled in light—
All too fair for mortal eyes,
Glimpse of heaven to human sight.

So the glories pass away,
Fade the amethyst and rose,
Purple darkens into gray
And the solemn twilight grows.

Our King

Not, as befitteth kings, on downy bed
Our new-born King is laid,
But helpless on the Virgin Mother's breast,
Among the cattle must He take His rest.

O, cruel world, that holds Him thus in scorn,
Our King new born!
O, matchless Love that thus can condescend;
Adoring joy with contrite tears we blend.

For on His tender brow a shadow lies,
And in His wondrous eyes—
The shadow of a coming crown of thorn,
The anguish of a heart by sinners torn.

The "Man of Sorrows" and with grief acquaint-
ed
Beneath sin's load Who fainted!
Veiled in His tender infancy we see
The awful burden of the Life to be.

And yet, oh joy! oh joy that thus He came
To take away our shame,
To find us, lost within the realms of night,
To lead us into everlasting Light.

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

Good will and peace Thou bringest, Heavenly
Child,
Our Father reconciled!
Lay we our cleansèd hearts—an offering meet,
Our ransomed lives rejoicing at Thy feet!

The River's Lesson

O silver river lapsing to the sea,
How much thou teachest me!
Among the lofty mountains was thy source,
And all along thy course
Thou spendedst blessings on the thirsty land.
Thy brink on either hand
Was bright with flowers that drew their life
from thee,
And many a lordly tree
Spread wide his sheltering arms, a deep retreat
Against the storm or heat.
Wide meadows where the feeding cattle strayed
Or lambs in springtime played,
And orchards decked with blossoms white as
snow,
Or laden, bending low
With autumn's store of crimson or of gold,
All of thy largess told.
O silver river! now thy course is run
And here, at set of sun,
Bearing his glories mirrored on thy breast,
Thou passest to thy rest!—
O river! would my life had been like thee,
And, tending to the sea—

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

That boundless sea to which we all must tend—
Thus calmly at the end,
Bright with the memory of good deeds done,
Might face the setting sun!—

A Mile Above the Sea

A mile above the sea, where the pine trees whisper peace
And cooling shadows waver to and fro
And the sunlight filtering through
From the over arching blue,
Writes in gold the sweetest secret heart can know!

A mile above the sea, where the pine trees whisper peace
And the spirit of the mountains bids you rest,
Where their majesty enfolds
And their matchless beauty holds,
As a mother holds her infant to her breast.

A mile above the sea, where the pine trees whisper peace
Where in magical remoteness, tier on tier,
Vaster heights above us rise,
Crowned with light in morning skies
And at evening clothed in purple wondrous clear.

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

A mile above the sea, where the pine trees whisper peace
Where below lie purple glooms of depth untold,
Whence the bleached rocks rising wan
Tell of countless ages gone
Ere human eyes beheld what we behold.

A mile above the sea, where the pine trees whisper peace
And the breeze is like a message of God's cheer,
You may taste what cannot cloy,
Deeply drink of nature's joy,
While the heaven of His Love is bending near.

"If This Were All"

If this were all, beloved, if this were all,
This little life of ours,
If death's dark curtain should forever fall
On hopes and aims and powers;
If all within these limits be compressed,
Then never to have lived were surely best.

If this be all, beloved, if this be all,
This narrow crowded place
Whereon we build our Babels great and tall,
To lift us into space,
If we but mock ourselves with thoughts of
heaven,
Then better far this life had not been given.

If this be all, beloved, if this be all,
Scant joys and many cares,
Much anxious sowing and, alas! so small,
The grain among the tares,
If this be all the room for seed to grow,
'Twere best the hand were not put forth to
sow.

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

If this were all—if the cold blast of Death
Must quench the light of love,
As we put out a candle with a breath,
If what we hoped above
As God's best gift, enhanced and purified
Be but a dream, ah, why have lived and died!

This is not all! O sure and certain hope,
Our God is Life and Love:
And we His creatures need not blindly grope;
In Him we live and move—
Our spirits sparks of that Eternal Fire
Towards which in purest longings we aspire.

This is not all! Did not Incarnate Love
The darkling valley tread?
Did He not vanquish death and grave to prove
That we shall live though dead?
And passing through Heaven's portals leave
them wide,
That we might enter in and there abide?

An Ideal

Fronting the east our house shall stand,
On a table-land;
With the mountains north, and south the sea,
Our home shall be.

Its walls shall rise of the quarried rock,
Each goodly block
Spotted and veined with spar like snow—
Wrought aeons ago.

Its rooms of the mountain pine shall be,
That lordliest tree,
Carven and smoothed so fair and fine,
To show each line.

Wide doors to welcome many a guest,
North, South, East, West;
Large windows that shall frame the sea
And the majesty
Of the peaks that flush in the afterglow
With their crowns of snow,
And the purple shadow that abides
In their rifted sides.

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

Climbing tendrils and clustering leaves
 Shall deck the eaves
And roses, crimson-lipped, shall sigh
 As the breeze slips by
And bears to the softly shadowed rooms
 Their faint perfumes.

There in immortal grace shall stand,
 From the old Art land,
Visions in marble wrought to teach
 What the soul can reach;
And there the wise of every age
 From the deathless page,
Shall show of all things deep and high
 To the searcher's eye,
And give of all things great and good
 For the spirit's food.

There will we gather those that are
 In lands afar,
Loved and longed for many a year,
 To be always near.

.
Great pines upon our velvet lawn
 Salute the dawn,
And bend their heads with mystic signs
 As the day declines.

Our olives in long vistas gray
 Shall softly sway,

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

And orange groves with spheres of gold
Their wealth unfold.

Down in the valley fair and green,
In shadow and sheen,
Scattered and clustered, now and then,
Lie the homes of men.

And spanning all, serene and high,
The sunlit sky
Rests, like the hollow of God's hand,
O'er sea and land.

Speaking Silence

How calm she lies, robed for her dreamless sleep
In simple, comely vesture, white as snow,
The parting sunbeams through the curtains creep
And touch the marble face with passing glow.

How fair she looks! The lines that care had
brought,

That told of the rough fellowship of pain,
Are all smoothed out. Death hath a wonder
wrought,

His cold, kind hand hath made her young again.

Peace on her brow, and knowledge, all too high
For those who have not passed beyond the veil;
And on her lips such love as cannot die.

Such pleading love as must in heaven prevail.

On those pale lips a smile more eloquent

Than uttered word so gentle yet so keen,

It pierces like an arrow strongly sent,

Straight to the heart, the armor's joints between.

Strange paradox! She would have kept the wind
From blowing roughly on her well-beloved;

Yet lying there at peace, can be unkind,

Can speak a dumb reproach, and smile unmoved.

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

When did a mourner turn to her in vain,
Nor find a tender echo in her breast !
But now, nor broken sobs nor tears like rain,
Can stir the pulseless quiet of her rest.

When had her faithful heart not been his shield !
But now, like barbed arrow sharp and true,
On the sweet lips Death for his own hath sealed,
That patient smile hath pierced him through
and through.

Hope

Hope, with thy starry eyes still on us beaming,
Whatever gloom enshroud,
And hand still pointing where the light is
gleaming
Beyond the darkest cloud.

Immortal loveliness forever changing
Yet evermore the same,
With luminous feet life's weary desert ranging,
Who must not bless thy name!

Who has not known thy tender touch of healing
Laid on his wounded breast,
Who has not felt thy kiss of peace revealing
New worlds of longed for rest!

Yea, I will trust thee never to forsake me
Whatever ill betide
And on the roughest way will ever take thee
For my celestial guide!

What Matters It?

What matters it, dear heart, that thou and I
Have come along a rough and stony way,
What matters it though clouds beset our sky
And dimmed the golden promise of our day?
What matters it! Since every way must end,
And every day to night and silence tend.

What matters it, although the cup of pain
Has to our faltering lips familiar grown,
Though patient toil be fruitless, waiting vain
And faithful sowing harvest never crown,
What matters it? Since pain and toil and tears
Must end forever with the end of years.

What matters it, though for a little space
Clasped hands must sever by the darksome
tide,
Each look their last upon the other's face
And for a little lonely while abide;
Since there is One to take us by the hand
And gently lead us to the peaceful land.

What matters it, if we but read aright
The message writ across the earth and skies,
If we but see the dawn beyond our night
And to the hills eternal lift our eyes,

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

What matters it, dear heart? for time shall
seem

When we awaken, but a broken dream !

"Jesus and the Resurrection"

This was the sum of their teaching,
The message that molded the world,
This was the strength of their preaching,
This was the signal unfurled
O'er the strongholds of sin and despair,
When they planted the King's standard there.

They told of the Christ who had carried
The woes of the world in His heart,
They told of the Man who had tarried
Alone and forsaken apart
The Prophet and Healer, and then
Despised and rejected of men.

They told of the Sacrifice lifted
Above the dumb, shame-stricken earth,
When the veil of the Temple was rifted,
And the new world had come to the birth,
When, behold! "It is finished" at last,
And the Holy One's Passion was past.

They told where the sacred Form slumbered,
Enfolded in silence and rest
Till the hours appointed were numbered,
When earth held her Lord in her breast

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

And trembled with rapture and fear
As the time of his rising drew near.

To the world that in darkness was lying
They told of the Conqueror King,
Whose rising is hope to the dying
Whose death has robbed death of its sting,
Sun of the souls who were crying
For Light that He only could bring.

This was the sum of their teaching,
The CHRIST THAT WAS RISEN their theme,
This is the Power out-reaching
That touches with life-giving beam,
Hearts that are hopeless with shame,
And saves them through Faith in His Name.

Sunset and After

The sun goes down in the western sea
At the end of a path of gold—
A golden path that beckons me
With a spell no tongue hath told.
And the waves are smooth as a sea of glass
And far-off ships like shadows pass,
And the hours of the day are told.

The sun goes down in the western sea,
And a crimson flush has spread,
Growing and deepening gloriously
Till it veils the blue o'er head,
And the far-off ships as they sail away
And the path of gold that had turned to gray,
And the glistening sands burn red.

The sun has sunk in the western sea,
And the crimson glory dies,
And twilight creeps like a mystery
Over the waves and skies.
The tide flows in on the lonely shore;
Far on the rocks the breakers roar,
And a passing sea bird cries.

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

O sea! that laughs in the glad sunlight
And glows in the sunset glow—
O sea, that moans in the falling night—
A voice of this old world's woe—
Thou takest us to thy breast, O Sea,
And the deeps of our soul they answer thee
In thy ceaseless ebb and flow.

"Eye Hath Not Seen"

When the soft south winds blow,
And the blossoms drift like snow
 To my feet:
And the merry mockingbird
In the perfumed shade is heard,
 Shrill and sweet;

When the sky is tenderest blue,
And the light clouds sailing through,
 Like a fleet
Bound for happy shores, pass on,
Casting shadows swiftly gone
 O'er the wheat:

When old earth seems born a-new,
And her breast with diamond dew
 Is bedeckt,
And her green robes are a-gleam
With the silver of the stream,
 Sunlight flecked;

When the trees toss leafy plumes,
And a thousand scented blooms
 Star the fields,

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

And the lark's clear monotone,
O'er the bending grasses blown,
 Rapture yields;

When the wild dove to his mate,
With joy and Spring elate,
 From his spray
In the dusk depths of the grove,
Calls forth, "Love, love, love,"
 All the day;

So fair this glad world shows,
So dear her beauty grows,
 That I thrill
With a touch of nameless grief
That life's day should be so brief,
 Night so chill!

That lo! yet a little while
And for me the green earth's smile
 Will be gone.
Closed eyes and silent heart
We each shall lie a-part
 One by one.

Yet, ah! there is a land,
Fairer than eye has scanned
 Or ear hath heard,
With joy a thousandfold
Dearer than earth can hold,
 Than heart hath stirred.

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

To those who loved their King,
Beyond what life can bring,
 Shall be given,
The glory of His face,
The bliss of His embrace,
 The Light of Heaven!

Isabel

Dear little maid ! 'Tis good to meet
The clear glance of thy happy eyes,
The smile, so radiant and so sweet,
That to each loving look replies.

The tender innocence that beams
Like heaven's own light about thee cast,
Thrills me like half remembered dreams
Of childhood's joy that could not last.

How wonderful to watch each day
Thy mind like opening flower unclose,
To see the everchanging play
Of the young thought that searching goes,

That goes, without a touch of fear,
To meet life's myriad mysteries,
That measures with a smile or tear
Our tangled human histories !

Dear little maiden in thine eyes
A higher wisdom I can trace
Than sages boast or mortals prize,
That gives thee nearer Heaven a place.

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

And so may Heaven keep thee dear
And ever guard thee on thy way,
Until thine eyes, so pure and clear,
Shall see beyond life's little day.

In Memoriam

EMMA GREBE, DEACONESS

Does it seem hard to understand
That God should call His child away,
When work lay ready to her hand,
And the world's needs about her lay?
We can but bend our head and say:
"He knoweth best."

Does it seem hard to understand
That God should call His child away?
That death should touch the willing hand,
The willing feet that went His way?
We can but clasp our hands and say:
"He knoweth best."

It was for Him she labored still,
To bring His lambs into the fold,
To teach them of the Father's will,
To show them of His Love untold.
And now—her lips in death are cold!—
"He knoweth best."

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

He knoweth best—ah blessed thought
That quells our doubt and stills our pain!
Faith with all heavenly comfort fraught
Tells us such lives are not in vain,
Though all too brief, and her's the gain!
"He knoweth best."

We are the better to have known
Her selfless service, to have seen
The face that with meek fervor shone,
And memory makes a link between
This life and that, where she has gone
To endless rest.

The Mountain's Secret

The mountain was stony and stern,
And the plain at his feet
Was silvered and burnished in turn
By the frost and the heat.

No mantle of green was outspread
On her broad silent breast;
Her sleep was the sleep of the dead,
Unknown and unblest.

The mountain was rocky and grim,
But he held in his heart
A secret—a treasure to him
That he would not impart.

Blue as a bit of the sky,
In a gray granite zone,
A lake in his bosom did lie—
Deep and lovely and lone.

The clouds on his head brooded low
And they shadowed his face;
Some times they crowned him with snow
And they touched him with grace.

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

But still at his pitiless feet,
Mutely pleading in vain,
All frozen or parching with heat,
Lay the poor barren plain.

The years and the ages went past,
Then, in gathering gloom,
There came from the heaven a blast
Like the trumpet of doom,

And a bolt from on high, like a spear,
From the hand of the Lord,
Smote the rocks, that they trembled in fear
And they fell at His word.

The mountain's hard bosom was riven,
His long cherished hoard
To the desolate valley was given,
All freely outpoured!

And now, where the frost and heat
Mocked the poor barren ground,
Snowy blossoms and gold of the wheat,
Richest fruitage are found.

The mountain is riven and rent,
But the plain at his feet
Lies folded in smiling content
And an incense so sweet,

Goes upward by day and by night
To the Maker of All,
Who helpeth the wronged to their right
And makes tyrants to fall.

Three White Flowers

Three white flowers together grew,
Where the rough winds never blew,
 In a pleasant place,
Hedged about with tender care,
Pure as snow and very fair,
 With a gentle grace.

Three white flowers bent each to each,
Whispering low in airy speech,
 Telling of their dreams,
Made of moonlight and of dew,
Woven of the bending blue
 And the warm sunbeams.

One had dreamed of fields that lay
Past the fringe of alders gray
 And the gliding stream,
Where the flowers grew straight and bold,
Dressed in colors manifold,
 All with gems a-gleam.

One had dreamed of gardens rare
Where the soft and charmed air
 Wooded the opening flowers,

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

And the silver fountains fall
Answered to the sweet bird's call
Through the happy hours.

One a vision strange had seen,
Of a country filled with sheen
Brighter than the day,
Where the flowers with wings were clad
And in voices clear and glad
Praises sang away.

Gaily came a rider by,
Blithe of heart and bright of eye,
Saw the white flowers three,
Gathered one with gentle hand,
Bore it to a distant land
All across the sea.

Then another came that way,
Proud of mien, in rich array,
He with lordly grace
Stooped the pure white flowers to view,
And with jewelled fingers drew
One from out her place.

Last a wandering poet came,
When the East was all a-flame
With the new born day.
He with fast closed chalice found
Where upon the dew cold ground
One white flower lay.

Last Night

Mother, I saw thee last night,
In a dream, if it was but a dream,
And thine eyes were holy and bright
As the day-star's trembling beam.

Mother, I kissed thee last night,
And the touch of thy lips was like balm,
Diffusing a nameless delight,
A blessed, ineffable calm.

Mother, I lay in thy breast,
As I did in the old, happy years,
And weariness, pain and unrest
Thou wipest away with my tears.

Mother, thy voice was to me
As the voices that ceaselessly sing
Of the glory 'tis given them to see,
Who circle the Throne of their King.

Mother, thy comforting words—
Ah! vainly I seek them today—
I seem but to hear the last chords,
Of music, just dying away.

McKinley

Is this thy recompense, brave heart and true?
Is this thy wage? thou who hast nobly borne
The heat and burden of the arduous day?
How faithfully and patiently thou stoodst
Through rough seas at the helm, and steeredst
straight

Out of the troubled waves of doubt and strife
Into the sunlit calm of victory.

How wisely and how well thy lofty place
Thou filledst, with what manly modesty
Thou bearedst on thy brow the viewless crown
Of a great people's confidence and choice,
Thou fearless patriot, great citizen,
Soldier whose shield and helmet were the
strength

That comes from truest trust in the Supreme
Is *this* thy recompense, brave heart and true?
This the return for the large, selfless love
That spent itself upon thy native land?
That showed itself in every gracious word
And kindly hand-clasp, in the confidence
That met all men as brothers?—

Flags at half mast and bells that toll and toll
From north to south from east to west they tell
The dreadful story of so base a deed,

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

So great a loss, so pitiful a grief
That men's hearts fail with anguish and with
 shame
That this fair land should wear so foul a blot.

Falling Leaves

Falling leaves in the fading day,
Crisp brown leaves where the children play,
Rustling leaves that those fairy feet
Lightly press in their frolic sweet,

Falling leaves in the fading day
You have no lesson for such as they.
Life in its spring what can it see,
But the long, glad years that are to be?

Falling leaves in the fading day,
What of the old who pass this way?
Have they heard what your dry lips, sad
and sear
Ceaselessly whisper, year by year?

That life and loving and wealth and fame
Pass as the sunset's parting flame,
That all earth's gladness and all its grief
Fade and fall like the falling leaf.

Rustling leaves in the darkening day,
My soul can hear what your whispers say—
A tender promise that speaks of rest,
Folded and still in the old earth's breast.

He Hath Borne Our Griefs

Man of Sorrows! in Thine heart
Thou hast felt each mortal throe—
Wondrous balm Thou canst impart
For our deepest woe.

Humbly kneeling at Thy Cross
Gazing at Thy griefs divine—
What our sorrows or our loss
Jesu—matched with Thine!

Sacred wounds for us that bled—
O “exceeding bitter cry”—
What are all the tears we shed
To that death veiled eye!

Piercing nail and cruel thorn—
Gall that mocked Thy dread distress
What the pains that we have borne,
What our weariness!

In Thine hour of awful gloom
Prostrate at Thy feet I fall;
I would bury in Thy tomb
Lord myself—my all!

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

Lord ! the soul on Thee that calls
Feels its sorrow cease to be ;
In Thy Passion's depths it falls—
Rain drop in the sea.

Spring

O, everlasting loveliness!
Yet am I here to see thee bless
 The grateful earth once more,
And still to my enchanted eyes
New miracles of beauty rise
 From thine exhaustless store!

O, everlasting loveliness!
With matchless hues I see thee dress
 The old familiar hills.
Flowers spring beneath thy viewless feet
And from their bright lips, nectar sweet
 An incense pure distills.

The winds are music and they raise
A world wide anthem in thy praise
 That swells o'er land and sea
And yet is but a faint refrain,
A chord of that undying strain
 That fills immensity.

In the Shadow

In some city of the old world have you never,
From the hurry and the turmoil of the street,
Where the tide of human life flows on forever,
Turned your footsteps to some holy, calm retreat?

Passing in, through some deep-arched, solemn
portal,
To a silence and a beauty so sublime
That the sense of things beyond the ken of mortal
Rushed upon you, blotting out the things of
time.

For without are all the noises of the city,
All the restless pains and pleasures of the world,
But within there is a breath of God's own pity,
And the flutter of His banner* wide unfurled.

For without are eager toilers, ever storing
The treasures that must vanish from their hold,
While within are clustered columns upward soaring,
To bid us turn to joys that wax not old.

* "He brought me to His banqueting house, and His banner over me was love" (Canticles 2: 4).

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

Kneeling there, where the saints of many ages
Knelt before you, heaven opening to their view,
You have seen the written record on life's pages
Poor and worthless, and have yearned to write
it new.

As we tread life's crowded highway, onward hast-
ing,

Some with eager, some with weary, wayworn
feet,

Shall our souls, within the Lenten quiet resting,
Find its stillness and its shade a blessed retreat?

From the pleasures and the passions without num-
ber,

From the turmoil and the fretting and the
pride,

Shall we pass beneath the portal, grave and som-
bre,

Down the calm and solemn weeks of Lenten-
tide?

Dwelling here on the thoughts of God and heaven,
Self-abased in the knowledge from above,
Like the sinner whom the Lord had much for-
given,

We shall taste the priceless treasure of His love.

Kneeling low, with the saints of many ages,

In the awful, blissful shadow of His Cross,

We shall wash with tears the record of life's
pages,

And shall learn to count all earthly gain as loss.

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

"I Pray You"

I pray you mock me not when I am dead
With wreathed flowers, nor deck, as if in life,
My poor, dumb form! In humble vesture laid,
My empty hands crossed meekly on my breast,
Thus shall you make me ready for my rest.

I pray you let not curious gazers see
My poor, dead face, but through a mist of tears,
Let loving eyes, if such, for me, there be,
Look their last farewell till the end of years,
Till *this* in weakness and dishonor sown,
This mortal, "immortality put on."

I pray you let not strangers speak my name,
In idle praise of what I never did;
If loving hearts there be, they will not blame
My many faults; by love will all be hid!
But I would have them for the dear Christ's
sake
For my weak soul their intercessions make,

I pray you bear me to the holy place
Where I was wont to feed upon my Lord;
There let me humbly lie, a little space,

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

While the great message of His living Word
Tells trumpet-tongued of conquered sin and
death,
And opens heaven to the eye of faith.

I pray you lay me quietly away
In some green spot, for passing well I love
My mother earth ; there shall her sunbeams play,
And soft tree-shadows falling from above,
Rest where I lie beneath the shielding sod :
There leave me to the mercy of my God.

What Shall We Bring?

What shall we bring, Beloved,
When we come at the dawn of day,
When we come in the fragrant silence
To meet Thee on Thy way?

What shall we bring, Beloved,
To lay at Thy wounded feet,
We who are all unworthy
To make an offering meet?

We who have tried to follow
Along the sombre road,
We who have seen Thee bending
Beneath sin's dreadful load,

We who have watched and waited
Besides Thy Cross and Grave,
And now go forth to meet Thee,
O Conqueror, strong to save.

What shall we give, Beloved,
To Thee who givest all,
When we come to Thy Holy Presence,
And at Thine Altar fall?—

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

The souls He has purchased dearly
Are dear in the Saviour's eyes;
The contrite hearts of Thy servants
Lord Thou wilt not despise.—

So we come in the fragrant silence,
When the Altar lights burn clear,
And we kneel in lowly gladness
For the Risen Lord is here.

In Bloom

Blossoms against the blue—
And the wild dove calling
Out of the sycamore grove
To his brooding mate: "Love—love"
On the silence falling.

Blossoms against the blue—
And the water dripping
From the fern-fringed rock above
To the pool in the green alcove,
Where the birds come sipping.

Blossoms against the blue—
And the knee-deep grasses,
Where you may lie a-dream,
And pains and passions seem
Like the wind that passes.

Blossoms against the blue—
And the sunlight glowing,
While shadows broad and deep
In wooded hollows sleep
Where the stream is flowing.

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

Blossoms against the blue—
Perfumed petals straying
Touch me on lip and brow;
It seems—I know not how—
As though the world were praying.

Blossoms against the blue—
Like an incense fire.
An answer comes from above:
"Earth's beauty is God's love,"
And His heaven stoops nigher.

By the Fire

What should I ask tonight,
If that good fairy came
We used to tell of by the firelight,
In childhood's days, around the dancing
flame?

What should I ask tonight
If the good fairy came?
Some thing of beauty to rejoice my sight,
Would it be wealth, perchance, or joy, or
fame?

What should I ask tonight?
If but to ask might bring
The thing desired, quickly as arrow's flight,
Or the swift eagle's distance-cleaving wing!

What should I ask tonight?
I watch the leaping flame;
I see dream faces in the shifting light—
Young faces—and I call them each by name.

What should I ask tonight?
To see my dream come true,
See the old fireside in the leaping light,
The happy children's faces that I knew.

Magdalene

(A Picture.)

O Magdalene with tear dimmed eyes
And wildly scattered locks of gold
That stream across thy bosom cold
Bared to the bleak, unpitying skies.

With trembling lips, O Magdalene,
That cannot frame the prayer for alms,
With shrinkingly outstretched palms
That fain thy piteous face would screen.

Poor Magdalene—thou broken flower!
Self righteous feet would tread thee down,
For thou hast lost thy golden crown
And cast away thy priceless dower!

And yet—methinks, among the crowd
That passes by with stony scorn,
One pitying looks on thee forlorn
Whose awful gaze rebukes the proud.

Sad sister, thou shalt not despair
While such a gaze is fixed on thee.
O meekly bend thy suppliant knee,
And lift thy bruised heart in prayer.

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

Sad sister, thou no more shalt stand
Helpless and hopeless and alone!
And who shall dare to cast a stone,
When He doth take thee by the hand?

Santa Monica

So fair the whole year round,
But in these golden days
Of dreaming autumn, fairest of the fair,
When the low murmuring sound
Of the blue deep that plays
About thy feet, faints on the quiet air.

These golden days—too brief—
Are like a garment thrown
About thy lovely form of hill and vale,
And lo! a falling leaf
Speaks of the summer gone,
But of a coming winter tells no tale.

Where can this old world show
A lovelier curve of blue
With silver fringes of the swelling tide,
Than reaches here below
Thy cliffs of ruddy hue
And the green canyon walls that cleave their side.

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

How fair against the sky
Thy palms like pillars stand
And the long vistas of thy far flung trees,
While, to enchant the eye,
Thy flowers on every hand
Sway to the kisses of the passing breeze.

Sweet was the mother tongue
Of those who came from far,
To seek these azure seas and sunlit shores,
Who their first Aves sung
Beneath the evening star,
Within the shelter of the sycamores.

Sweet are the names we hear
Whose music shall not cease
To touch us with the old time memory,
But sweetest to my ear,
With its own spell of peace,
Is Santa Monica beside the sea.

Pomona

Of old in Hellas, with an upturned face,
The sculptor stood, beneath the radiant skies,
And lo! her form divine and matchless grace
Shone, keen as lightning, on his happy eyes.

White as the snow on Ossa, fair as flowers
In Tempe's vale, and stately as a palm,
Benignant as the fruit-compelling showers,
And tender as the south wind's breath of balm.

And evermore he sees her; day and night
He feels the quick'ning influence sway his soul,
A thought, to be revealed to mortal sight,
That moves his eager hand with strong control.

He knew the marble held her, and he wrought
With sacred passion, wrought to set her free,
And thus she issued forth, a living thought
Of loveliness, to last while time shall be.

Oh wonderful! to look upon her face
Unchanged through all the lapse of changing
years
The skill of that long-vanished hand to trace,
Whose work of beauty moves our hearts to tears.

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

Oh votaries of Beauty! Sons of Greece!
Great names that have out-lived the tide of
time,
Ye touch us yet, by ties that cannot cease,
Men of whatever race, whatever clime.

And here, in this far land, where mountains soar
Beyond Olympus, where the skies are deep
As those that bend o'er Athens, where the shore
Is ever lulled by ocean's voice to sleep.

Here where the earth her lap with plenty fills,
And 'golden apples' 'mid the foliage shine,
Where fatness from the olive-press distills,
And purple clusters bend the fruitful vine,

Here may the marble Goddess fitly stand,
And here fulfill a mission, old as time,
The mission of pure beauty to our land,
Teaching the lesson of a truth sublime.

Here shall the sculptor's sweet conception find
A home of sunshine like her native Greece,
Pomona in Pomona be enshrined—
Fair harbinger of Plenty, Thrift and Peace.

A beautiful statue of Pomona, copied from the ancient statue supposed to be the work of Praxitiles, now in the museum in Florence, was presented to the town of Pomona in California.

1899

Dear England—far away—
Yet ever near my heart,
In this thy darkest day
More near, more dear thou art.

In this thy darkest hour
Fairer thou art to me
Than in thy pomp and power,
Thy pride of sovereignty.

Dear birthland! of my soul
Thou art no less the pride,
Though dark clouds o'er thee roll
And enemies deride.

Though thy true sons have shed
Their noble blood in vain,
And many a gallant head
Lies low on Afric's plain.

Thy children, motherland—
A score for each one slain—
Will rise, with strong right hand
To wipe away the stain!

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

Will rise, at honor's call,
 Their hearts with zeal a-fire,
And, for a moment's fall,
 Will proudly set thee higher.

Dearer in thy distress
 And fairer for thy tears—
Ah! could they love thee less,
 Or yield to coward fears?

Nay, while the waves embrace
 The white rocks of thy shore
Thy true and fearless race
 Shall love thee more and more.

Shall flock thy sword to take,
 Shall lift thy standard high,
And, for their mother's sake
 Shall count it joy to die.

My Singer

From early dawn to dark
Along the upland where the young grain
springs,
My friend, the meadowlark,
His simple song of glad contentment sings.

"Sweet, sweet is life," he sings,
And then, in rippling cadence, "sweet is love!"
To my full heart he brings
A message, old as nature, from above.

All through the golden day,
In every pause of labor or of care,
I hear the liquid lay
Fall on the stillness of the vernal air.

"Sweet, sweet is life!" Sing on
Thy tender protest against doubt and pain,
For love is as the sun
That sheds his boundless brightness o'er the
plain.

Blessed be thy happy note!
The sweet reiteration, full and clear,
In welcome music floats
Across my day and touches it with cheer.

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

"Sweet, sweet is life!" He flings
His cheery challenge to the passing breeze
And "Sweet is Love" he sings,
Resting a moment 'mid my olive trees.

In the gray shade a gleam,
I see the dappled primrose of his breast,
Then, passing like a dream,
He finds the hidden treasure of his nest.

The Sun is Up

The sun is up and the birds are calling,
"Life is too sweet to waste in sleep!"
The trees' long shadows are westward falling,
And silver dewes the grasses steep.
The sun is up and the winds are calling;
"Earth is too fair to waste in sleep!"

The sun is up, and the waves are leaping
In blue and silver along the strand.
Day is too fair to waste in sleeping,
Awake, O sleepers and understand!
The sun is up and the waves are calling,
And summer reigns over sea and land.

Their morning incense the flowers are breathing
From lips of crimson and cups of snow;
Silvery mists are the mountains wreathing,
Soon to melt in the golden glow.
The sun is up and the ocean heaving,
O joy of the morning to those who know!

The sun is up and the palms are waving
Their fair green pennons in stately row.
The mountain streams their banks are laving
In glancing ripples and shining flow.
O new-born day! Is it worth the having?
Yea, joy of the morning to those who know.

The Call

Spring, like a little child with dimpled hands
Filled full of flowers, by the highway stands
And calls us tired travelers to see
Her dainty robe of green and share her glee.

Tender as kisses from a childish mouth,
Her soft airs breathing from the balmy south
And whispering of the joys that we might know,
Could we but drop the load that weights us so.

Spring, like a dryad, in the fresh greenwood,
Beckons to deepest, sweetest solitude,
To ferny dells where flow the secret streams,
And mossy couches woo to waking dreams.

Or like a nymph, veiled in the waterfalls
That cast their silvery spray on canyon walls,
She leaps and laughs in every rippling pool
Or hides in fringing sedges moist and cool.

Oh, hear her call! The wild dove's pleading note,
The sweet insistent music from the throat
Of meadow lark, and the keen, fearless song
Of the gay mockingbird, the whole day long.

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

Oh, hear her call! Those tender symphonies
That out of every grove and garden rise,
They bid us note the hours that pass too soon,
For lovely Spring dies in the lap of June.

Let the World Pass by

Here in the pine tree's shadow will I lie,
And let the world pass by.
In the soft stillness of the noonday calm
The breeze, with lips of balm,
Whispers its sweetest secret in my ear;
O, happy those who hear!

Here on the mountain's summit will I lie
And let the world pass by.
Above me, in the heaven's shoreless sea
A shining argosy
Of clouds goes sailing, and I watch them go
Until they melt like snow.

Here will I breathe earth's beauty undefiled,
On nature's breast—her child;
Here the vast fortress of the mountains scan,
That never foot of man
Has dared to scale—upon whose dizzy height
The circling eagles light.

Beneath me, veiled in distance, like a dream
The plains and valleys seem,
And cities, where the swarming thousands bide,
With all their pomp and pride,

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

With all their eager toil and waste and woe—
Like ant-hills look, below.
Here in the great pine's shadow will I lie
And let the world pass by.

Snow-Crowned

All yesterday, in armies vast,
The clouds about our valley drew;
Along the mountain-front they passed
And hid each outline from our view.
This morning—every cloud is gone,
And "Baldy" has his snow-crown on.

The sun went down without a ray,
Too cold and faint his light had been:
We scarcely knew when closed the day,
But for the darkness gathering in.
This morning—every cloud is gone,
And "Baldy" has his snow-crown on!

All night upon our roofs the rain
Came like the tramp of countless feet,
In steady march—an endless train;
Then blew the wind a wild 'retreat.'
This morning—every cloud is gone,
And "Baldy" has his snow-crown on!

In wondrous outline, bold and keen,
Against a sky of spotless blue,
The mountains stand in morning sheen,
And our old world seems born anew.

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

For every envious cloud is gone,
And "Baldy" has his snow-crown on.

Thus, in the silent days of old,
When these wide valleys empty lay,
'Ere yet the white man dreamed of gold,
In sunset-lands, so far away
"Old Baldy," with his crown of snow,
Stood prophet-like, and gazed below!

Methinks he knew the time would be
When a far race, with strong right hand,
From long, unfruitful sleep should free
The waiting wonders of the land.
And make the 'treasures of the snow,'
Life-giving through her valley flow!

And still he holds them, year by year,
Then yields them to the wooing sun;
And still in fountains full and clear,
Blessing the thirsty land, they run.
And "Baldy," crownless for awhile,
Is only decked with summer's smile.

But now he wears his crown again—
A promise—as the Bow of old;
In this clear shining after rain
The lands rejoice with joy untold.
And "Baldy," with his snow-crown on
Breathes through the blue his benison!

TO VIVID ANIMATIONS

On the Other Side

A dimple in the shoulder of the hill,
A secret hollow where the wild thyme grows,
Where woodbine climbing at its own sweet will
Between the boughs a waving curtain throws.

Where eager children the first primrose seek,
And timid violets to their shelter cling
Where frail anemones, so fair and meek
And nodding bluebells hear the call of spring;

A dimple in the shoulder of the hill,
Where the old hawthorn sheds its perfumed
snow

Before the feet of June who comes to fill
The measure of all beauty here below.

With roses crowned and heralded with song.
She comes and makes the wild dell all her
own.

O happy days! how long ago—how long,
Since we glad children, played about her
throne.

Parted as far as seas and lands can part,
Are we who knew the secrets of the dell;
Yet each one knows that in the other's heart
Dear memories of childhood's Eden dwell.

An English June

O, dearest month of all the year,
Thou matchless month of June,
What heart, however sad or sear,
Couldst thou not with thy boundless cheer
To peace and joy atune!

Thou comest, in thy peerless pride,
Borne of the winds along;
Decked as a temple for a bride.
Forest and field and mountainside,
The wide earth rings with song.

Where trees in summer glory stand
And sun-flecked shadows woo,
And all the green and lovely land
Unfolds its charms on every hand,
Beneath the sky's soft blue.

There shall the cuckoo's simple note
Steal softly to my ear,
The skylark's music downward float,
Clear melody the blackbird's throat
Pour from the thicket near.

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

The bleating of a flock that strays
Along the distant hill,
The ripple of a brook that plays
Half hidden in a wild rose maze,
The pauses sweetly fill.

O, English June, if aught there be
That earth can hold more fair,
I ask it not; enough for me
Thy tender grace of grove and lea,
Thy priceless gifts to share.

Youth and Age

Imperious youth that will not be denied
Claims every good gift that the earth can hold,
The treasures whereon mortals build their pride
Of joy, or fame, or gold.
"Give me," cries Youth, "my own, by Right
Divine,
"Give me my brimming cup of life's red wine."

"I will have gold, with all that it can buy
To feast mine eyes and to rejoice my heart;
The riches of all lands beneath the sky;
In all I own a part,
For in my veins the earth's deep currents flow,
And in my heart her hidden ardors glow.

"I will have Fame!" says Youth, "upon the height
The company of laurel-crowned I see;
For me the upward tending path of light,
A place in store for me—
With fearless feet and strong, the way I'll tread
And win the laurel crown to wreath my head."

"I will have Love," says Youth, and with his pride
Mingles a sigh, "I know Love waiting stands
Among the flowers that spring on every side,
With tender, outstretched hands—

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

Love that will lavish gifts of price untold,
Sweeter than even Fame, more rich than gold."

"Give me," saith Age, "one gentle hand to tend
My failing powers, one loving heart to cheer
The darkening day that verges to its end.

Give me but strength to hear
A blessed whisper from the other shore,
Where pain and toil and tears shall be no more.

"Give me," saith Age, "one little spot of ground,
My mother's breast where I at peace may lie.
I ask no more "of all the sun goes round,"

But *this* beneath the sky—
And at the head a cross—the only plea
For pity and for pardon raised for me!

Then and Now

Fruitful and fair about me lie
My old friend's acres broad and trim,
Beneath this wondrous western sky,
That wintry storms so seldom dim.

Line upon line, all glossy green,
With ripening spheres of deepening gold,
Long vistas, where you catch between
A glimpse of mountains vast and bold.

No sign of weedy waste I see,
For the keen plow has furrowed deep,
Earth's bosom yielding patiently
The treasures that within her sleep.

It is a score of years, maybe,
Since I beheld this selfsame place,
An open upland, wild and free,
Without of human life one trace.

But from her wonder-working loom
Her fairest mantle spring had brought,
And clothed the wild with loveliest bloom,
With white and blue and gold inwrought.

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

Where now the flooding sunshine pours
Upon the roomy ranch-house eaves,
A group of age-old sycamores
Spread their gray arms and quivering leaves.

One only of them all was left,
Where they had hewed his fellows down,
One of his kindred trees bereft,
To tell of days forever gone.

A wild dove builds there, year by year,
And in the stillness, sad and low,
In the faint crooning call I hear
Some vanished charm of long ago.

The Old Highway

This is the old highway,
They made from city to sea.
Little they dreamed in that day
Of the things that were to be.

Saplings they set at its side,
Long grown into vast old trees,
That shadow the causeway wide,
And sway to the passing breeze.

This is the old coach road,
And the coach for years a score,
Carried a joyous load
From the town to the beckoning shore.

The wheels, as they rolled along,
And horse-hoofs tramping the way,
Laughter and jest and song,
You might hear through the summer
day.

And horsemen, galloped apace,
Or lovers loitering rode,
When the dear moon showed her face,
Or the fires of sunset glowed.

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

They have made another road,
That runs from city to sea—
Level and straight and broad,
And firm as a road can be.

And never a horse they need
On that broad and beaten way,
For a demon whose name is speed,
Rules in the world today.

They have harnessed the lightening's
power;
They have conquered the shoreless sky;
They've compassed a day in an hour;
And their motto is "dare or die."

You may travel the old highroad
From dawn to the close of day;
You may meet a farmer's load
And nothing else by the way.

But the old highway has a spell,
Perchance you may learn to know—
A secret the tall trees tell,
As they whisper of long ago.

Goldenrod

A bit of goldenrod that grew
By a steep road-side
When the autumn skies were softly blue
And summer lingering withdrew
In her faded pride.

A bit of goldenrod that tells
Of the tender charms,
Of winding rivers and fir-clad swells,
And cattle grazing in pasture dells
Of the fair, wide farms;

Of fruit that the glowing sun had kissed
Till it blushed deep red,
Of soft airs wandering where they list,
And the first wreaths of autumn mist,
And the first leaves—dead.

A bit of goldenrod, as gay
As a touch of flame,
When the tide crept out of the glistening
bay
In the golden close of a short, sweet day,
Ere the twilight came.

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

A bit of goldenrod—ah, me!

For that dear, far land!

Here, on the shore of the Western Sea

With a hungry heart I long for thee

And thy green-girt strand.

In the June Night

In the June night I hear the mocking bird
Piercing the silence with his wondrous song,
More keenly sweet than any I have heard
Filling the sunlit spaces all day long.

The long day was too brief to tell his bliss,
And now he sings it to the listening moon;
The roses lean together with a kiss,
And in the shade the snow white lilies swoon.

In the June night soft breezes come and go
Faint with the perfume of the orange flowers,
Touch me like vanished hands and whisper low,
Like silenced voices, of the long past hours.

Autumn—A Memory

The brooding stillness of a closing day,
The peace of silent woods and soundless streams,
Slow gliding on their secret, shadowed way,
As through a land of dreams.

A touch of crimson, the first flag unfurled
Of the bright pageant heralding decay,
Of glowing hues to deck the wasting world,
Then swiftly pass away.

A bird note falling on the quiet air,
Sweet as remembered love, and sad as sweet,
And by the path a blossom frail and fair,
Belated at my feet.

Silver gray mosses like a mantle spread
Upon an ancient, storm-uprooted tree—
A finely woven shroud to deck the dead,
So seemeth it to me.

The fire of sunset, dimly seen afar,
Across the darkening maze, an amber light,
And overhead one pale and trembling star
That tells of coming night.

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

O Mother Earth, how close thy dear embrace!
Thy whisper thrills me with its influence sweet;
Against thy faithful heart I lean my face
And feel thy pulses beat.

Destruction of the Times Building. Los Angeles. California. October 1. 1910

In horror and in deep amaze we stood
And mutely questioned why
Such deeds by those of our own flesh and blood,
Are wrought beneath the sky,
Why evil rises, like a mighty flood,
Neath God's all seeing eye.

O! awful mystery of iniquity
That tried our feeble faith,
And from our wounded spirits wrung the cry:
"O! Lord of life and death,
How long, O Lord, how long shall such things be?"
"Wait thou My time" He saith.

And lo! we see that out of Evil springs
Good, like a perfect flower
From dark decay, and out of dreadful things,
As dawn from darkest hour,
Light comes, with blessed healing on its wings,
Replete with quickening power.

We see the wonder of Heaven's alchemy
From elements of ill
Bring forth pure gold of tender sympathy
And human love distill,

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

And hearts, that little recked of misery,
With generous passion fill.

We feel the swelling tide that bears us on,
And from afar we see
The larger life that martyrs shall have won,
When from the tyranny
Of greed and hate and deadly outrage done,
Our brothers shall be free.

Father Rhine

By your grey-green waters, father Rhine,
In the happy, happy careless days,
When life was in the springtime, father Rhine
And all the world with sunshine was a-blaze,

By your grey-green waters, father Rhine,
Dreaming dreams of what might never be,
While the whisper of your wavelets, father
Rhine,
Set to music all the thoughts that came to me.

The rafts upon your bosom, father Rhine,
Floating by on their long course to the sea,
Told of great and glorious forests, father Rhine,
Whence the little rivers bore them down to
thee,

Told of wide and wondrous forests, father
Rhine,
Where the woodman's axe had felled each
mast-tall tree,
And brought a secret message, father Rhine,
A message from the solitudes to me.

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

And often they would lure me, father Rhine,
To float with them along their watery way.
To wonderlands and cities, father Rhine,
That out beyond the sunset glories lay.

As the East is from the West, father Rhine,
I am far from my childhood's land and thee,
But often in night's stillness, father Rhine,
The whisper of thy waters comes to me.

A Night of Storm

Weird and wan, like an affrighted face
The moon was passing through the midnight
sky
Now running with the clouds a headlong race,
That like a phantom host went trooping by,
And by the darkness swallowed up anon
A moment gone.

Rude mocking winds were all abroad that night.
How had they tossed and scourged the far-off
seas,
How shrieked they in their wild and viewless
flight,
How roared they through the bare and shiver-
ing trees,
How buffeted the cottage walls where I
Did sleepless lie.

O weary night! yet day at last appears,
Not flushed and sunbright, but all pale and
grey
And by her mild glance melted into tears
The clouds begin to weep themselves away,
And she has drawn the sullen winds to rest
Upon her breast.

Thistledown

Wither away? Wither away?
Over the upland lone and gray
In the last cold gleam of the autumn day.

When each thing else to its shelter clings,
Freely thou spreadest thy fine-spun wings,
Lightest and fleetest of earthly things.

When none the coming night would dare,
Boldly riding the rude, bleak air,
Over withered heath and ash trees bare.

On where the wild hills rise and spread
And the wilder mountain rears his head
And his side is seamed by the torrent's bed.

There perchance shall thy journey end;
The rifted rock a nook may lend,
Where thou the winter moons mayst spend.

Safe from the wild winds wasting strife,
Thou wingèd germ of a future life
Shalt sleep, till vernal airs are rife.

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

When skies are blue and green the plain,
A sunbeam and a drop of rain
Shall rouse thee into life again.

Then rising with a savage grace
Thou shalt make glad the lonely place
And seem a smile on Nature's face.

On the English Coast

In shelter of the old sea wall
Upon the shelving sand I lay
And watched the waters rise and fall
Along the broad and curving bay,
The deep blue waters rise and fall
And cast up showers of pearly spray.

And where the furthest headland made
A glimmering outline to the eye
A ship came gliding like a shade,
With dusky wings, and so passed by,
Where the wide waters melt and fade
Into the over bending sky.

Of human life no other trace;
Nor sight nor sound of man was there,
Only old ocean's furrowed face
And boundless fields of cloudless air,
'Twas such a solitary place
As makes you feel the world is fair.

The waters rose, the waters fell
Now murmuring loud, now whispering low;
I listened to the solemn swell,
I listened to the silvery flow;
I heard what tongue can never tell,
And oh, was passing joy to know.

Twilight

Fades the wan light in the west;
Silence, solitude, and rest,
Welcome, welcome to my breast.

Mystical and lovely hour,
Touch me with thy soothing power,
On my heart thine influence shower.

Not the morning sapphire eyed,
Issuing from the portals wide
Of the East in pomp and pride,

Not the broad day's golden reign
Over mountain, sea and plain
Can like thee my heart enchain.

Nay, not even thy sister night,
With her myriad eyes of light
Can like thee my soul delight.

All too high and cold she seems
All too far her glory gleams,
What to her are mortals dreams?

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

While the last beams sink and fade
In the deep and deepening shade
Of this long-stretched woodland glade,

Dost thyself to me reveal;
I am all thine own and feel
Thrills of rapture through me steal.

Round me sinks the world to sleep.
Thy soft dews each wild flower steep
And thy soft airs silent creep.

While, above yon cloudy bar,
Tremulous in the heavens afar,
Gleams thine own peculiar star.

November

"Bare Trees Tossing"

Bare trees tossing to and fro
In the wintry weather;
Leaden clouds are hanging low,
Distant hills are white with snow,
Where bloomed the purple heather.

No sound save the sighing blast
And the tree-trunks straining,
And the troubled river hurrying past;
Soon will the north wind hold it fast,
In icy bonds enchaining.

Grey mists resting on the plain,
And the last leaves falling.
Winter art thou come again
Bringing memories of pain,
All my loss recalling!

Apart

Lady with the snow-white hair
And the cold, impassive face,
As I view thy features fair
And no softness there can trace,

As I meet a glance so brief
From those dark unanswering eyes,
Still I question what strange grief
Deep within thy bosom lies.

Is some passion buried there,
Folded in the shroud of years?
Some keen memory of despair,
That could find no vent in tears?

Was it some o'erwhelming loss—
Void the wide world could not fill?
Pressure of some fiery cross,
Laid upon thee—burning still?

Were those silver locks of thine,
In the dead past, shining gold?
Did those cold eyes once enshrine
What the eyes of lovers hold?

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

Were those lips that smile no more
To a trembling sweetness stirred
By a footfall at the door,
By a look—a touch—a word?

Snow-crowned Lady, who can say
What has set thee thus apart—
Walking on thy shadowed way,
Careless of a stranger's heart.

On the Mendips

Wouldst thou cast thy cares behind thee,
 Wouldst thou be,
Where no earth-born woes can find thee,
 Follow me.
Up among the mountain heather
Thou and I will sit together.

And, the heavens above us bending,
 Deep and clear,
Thou an ear attentive lending
 Then shalt hear
How thy brain-bred mists to banish,
How to make thy phantoms vanish.

By the spirit of the mountains,
 High and lone,
Spirit of the secret fountains,
 By the tone
Of the winds, unseen careering,
By the thunder-pile uprearing.

By the sun's unveilèd glory,
 By the gloom
Of the precipices hoary,
 By the bloom

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

Of the heather round us springing,
By the white down past us winging.

Have I learned, and they shall teach you
 How to quell
All the idle pains that reach you,
 And a spell
To set loose the earth-bound spirit
From the ills that men inherit.

Thou shalt see what I discover,
 Thou shalt hear
Airy tongues that round us hover
 Whispering near,
And thy heart a new emotion
Then shall stir, as winds the ocean.

Song of the Pine Tree

Not on the plain's smooth breast,
Not in the sheltered vale,
Where low winds from the west
Murmur their old soft tale,
Not by the flowery side
Of dreaming lake or silent-gliding stream,
Where, mirrored in the tide,
The quiet depths of heaven unclouded beam.

Not theirs the earth to yield
Food to such life as mine,
Not on the level field
Can stand mountain pine.
Not such the wind to make
My deep voice answer to it as it blows,
Nor shall such waters break
Idly about me in their dull repose.

Slaves of a frequent death,
You who cannot withstand
The blast of winter's breath,
The grasp of winter's hand,
You whom a storm can spoil,
Frail foliaged, trembling at a passing gale,
For you the plain's smooth soil,
For you the shelter of the hidden vale.

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

For me the misty height,
The riven summit of the mountain hoar,
Where torrents, surging white,
Leap headlong down the rocks with ceaseless
 roar.

Triumphantly I stand
And proudly I rejoice
Listening, the music grand
The waters echoing voice.
I wave my plumes to greet
The storm on wings of darkness hastening
 past;
I stretch my arms to meet
The wild embraces of the northern blast.

Song

There is a valley, as many there be,
Where runs a clear river by cottage and tree,
A valley inclosed between vine covered hills
And full of monotonous music of mills.

Bright shines the sun on that grape growing
ground

Blue rests the sky on the hill tops around
And in that blue sky, with white wings out spread,
Sails in wide circles the stork over head.

Dearest and fairest of valleys to me
With eyes of the spirit thine image I see
And my heart swells with longing as fervent as
vain

To rest in thy green sheltered bosom again.

O, for a breath of that pure mountain air—
O, but to quaff of the stream flowing there,
Stretched in the shadow by tall lindens thrown,
To live but an hour of the years that are gone.

A Vision

Wrapt in a waking dream he lay
Bathed in a flood of rosy light;
The loveliness of parting day
Hung on him as a garment might.

But 'twas the loveliness of morn
That in his eyes' blue radiance dwelt,
The dawn of great thoughts yet unborn,
But in his deep soul dimly felt

The wind that softly waved aside
The clusters of his curlèd hair
Showed the proud forehead clear and wide,
The spirit's impress dwelling there.

Passion and Poetry and Truth
The springs sublime his breast that move,
And on his cheek the down of youth
And on his lips the smile of love.

Upon the sinking sun he gazed,
But all unsaddened by the sight.
In the glad east his life's sun blazed,
What then to him the approaching night?

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

What visions of a race to run
That spirit in its ardor weaved,
What deeds of glory to be done!
A deathless name to be achieved!

What depths to sound, what heights to scale
In awful Nature's mysteries!
From her bright brow to rend the veil
And read her ne'er read histories.

All this I saw or dreamed I saw—
And fain my soul would ever see—
I would not change the gracious law
That hides from us futurity.

"Never Flower did Grow"

Never flower did grow,
Were it e'er so hidden,
But the sun would throw
Some faint passing glow
Once into its chalice.

Never sang a bird
Were it e'er so lowly
But some other heard,
But some heart was stirred,
Some small throbbing bosom.

Never dew-drop lay
Glistening on the meadow,
But some loving ray
Kissed it all away,
Carried it to heaven.

"He Sleeps"

The fields are whitening in the sun ;
The earth her lap with plenty fills.
His little day of life is done ;
He sleeps among the lonely hills. .

The scenes he loved before me lie,
The waving trees, the shining rills ;
The lark pours music from the sky.—
He sleeps among the lonely hills.

O, summer world in beauty's glow !
'Tis strange to think that life hath ills,
In all thy loveliness to know
He sleeps among the lonely hills.

By the Way Side

A little wayside flower—

What ruder lot could child of Nature meet?
Far off the shining stream, the shady bower,
The stony, dusty highway at her feet.

Yet not of hues more fair

Her sisters' vesture, nor more finely made,
Though fanned by balmiest air,
On velvet lawn or deep in verdant shade.

A little wayside flower—

Growing where careless foot might tread it
down,
But yet rejoicing in the cooling shower
And lifting thankful eyes to meet the sun.

Not wasted even here—

The narrow life finds blessings rich and wide.
O narrow life of mine, let fall the tear
Sprung from thy bitter depths, thy wounded
pride.

O narrow life of mine—

Yet not all lost if but an hour remain,
Even for thee God's Love, God's light do shine.
Lift thankful eyes and live it not in vain!

Show a little tender
Hey no no
Wandering Boy.

Time

Time touched me with his finger-tips;
Light was his touch as summer dew;
Upon my brow, mine eyes, my lips
The lines of infant beauty drew.

Time laid on me a tender hand,
Molding from infant into child
Before whose gaze lay wonderland.
And in whose face the wide earth smiled.

Time led me through a golden gate
Into the dreamland of my youth.
I went with quickened life elate
And held each passing vision truth.

Time bore me thence. Before me lay
An unveiled world of strife and stress.
His grasp grew rougher by the way,
And soon I learned life's weariness.

Time led me on, and now I see
Beyond these reaches, calm and still,
The spot where to he leadeth me—
A narrow room, a turf clad hill.

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

His heavy hand grows kind again;
I lean upon him, as a friend.
He whispers that beyond earth's pain
There is a rest that knows no end.

When we shall part, Another Hand,
A piercèd Hand shall be my stay,
My guide into the timeless Land,
Shall be the Truth, the Life, the Way.

A Humming Bird's Nest

In the shelter of a vine
Growing by my cottage wall,
Where the swaying tendrils twine
And the softened sunbeams fall,

In a wondrous woven nest
Lined with down as soft as snow
Two wee feathered creatures rest,
Waiting for their wings to grow.

I can watch them as they lie—
Fairer sight I shall not know—
While the patient parents fly,
On love's errands to and fro.

Whether skies be blue or gray,
Whether winds be loud or low,
I can see them, day by day,
Waiting for their wings to grow.

Lovely parable of faith,
Deepest teaching thou dost show!
Reading thee with bated breath,
More of God's great love I know.

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

Truest wisdom man can reach
 Fullest trust that man can know,
Tiny monitors you teach,
 Waiting for your wings to grow.

Soon the waiting will be done,
 And, with flash of pearly wings,
My two birdlings will be flown
 To a world of fairer things.

Soon, in life's full ecstasy
 They will sweep into the blue;
With a smile and with a sigh,
 I shall lose them from my view—

Leaving me the empty nest
 With its lining soft as snow,
Where I watched their downy rest—
 Waiting for their wings to grow.

The Wanderer in the Saw-Mill

(From the German of Justinus Kerner.)

Down by the saw-mill yonder
In sweet repose I lay,
And watched the mill wheel turning
And watched the waters play.

I watched the saw keen shining—
I felt as in a dream—
A pine-tree it dissevered
With many a lengthy seam.

The pine methought was living
In mournful melody,
Through every fiber thrilling
These words she sang to me.

“At the right hour, oh pilgrim,
Thou camest here apart,
For thee these wounds are piercing
Straight through and through my heart,

“For thee, when thou hast tarried
A little while earth's guest,
This wood within her bosom,
Shall be a shrine of rest.”

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

Four planks—I watched them falling;
 Sad grew my heart and chill.
A word I fain had faltered,
 When lo! the wheel stood still.

Nachtreise

(From the German.)

I ride into the darkening night,
Nor moon nor stars to lend their light,
And cold rude winds to meet me.
Oft have I come this self-same road
When golden sunlight round me glowed
And softest airs would greet me.

Along the garden wall I ride,
Rustle the withered trees inside,
The dead leaves fall in showers,
There did I oft times with her rove
When all things gave themselves to love
In the sweet time of flowers.

Quenched is the warm beam of the sun,
The roses withered all and gone
And lost the love that bound me,
Into the wintry storm I ride
Through darkening night, no ray to guide,
My mantle wrapt around me.

From the German of William Mueller

Dimly the lamp in still night gleams,
The mother wakes, the infant dreams,
And through the window faintly shines
The crescent moon in silver lines.

The baby dreams, the mother wakes,
With every wind the lattice shakes;
The lamp-light flickers to and fro,
The watcher's heart is full of woe.

The mother weeps, the infant smiles,
The night with angels it beguiles;
Roses in heaven's fields that grow,
With star-dew wet, to him they throw.

The mother kisses her darling child;
He smiles upon her wondrous mild;
There dwells a look in his pure eyes
As he were still in paradise.

An angel takes him in her arm
And lays him on her breast so warm,
Upon her cheek heaven's rose hue lies
And star-dew glistens in her eyes.

From the German of Heine

They bury them at the crossways
Who by their own hand fall;
The blue wild flower that grows there
Poor sinners flower they call.

I stood at the crossways weeping—
Silent and chill the hour—
And in the moonlight softly
Waved the poor sinner's flower.

One More

The new year has grown old;
See how the lessening light
Yields to the gloom of night—
The last hour's told.

The new year has grown old.
Was it not yesterday
We saw the long, clear way
In morning's gold

And now, where are the hours,
The days, the seasons! Where
The promise, bright and fair,
Of well-used powers?

How shall I dare to raise
Heavenward these empty hands;
How meet my King's demands
Of love and praise?

"Why cumbereth it the ground?"
Oh, dreadful words to hear!
Long-suffering, year by year,
No fruit He found.

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

Speechless before my King—
His patient love abused,
His gracious gifts misused—
Nothing I bring!

O Saviour, can it be,
Thou holy, pitying one,
Before Thy Father's throne
Thou plead'st for *me*?

But one year more, and *then*—
If love and anguish borne
Have met with no return,
And waiting vain—

Then, after that—nay, Lord,
The life yet left me fill
With strength to do Thy will,
And love Thy Word!

The life yet left me blend
With Thy pure life divine,
That to be wholly Thine
Be my sole end.

The old year at an end!
Lord, let the past be past!
Ah, I will hold Thee fast,
My guide and friend!

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

**Lead me by Thy loved hand,
Till at the close of years,
Through penitential tears,
I view the land.**

A Prayer

Out of the passion and pain,
Out of the turmoil and strife,
The toiling for things that are vain,
The stress and the struggle of life,
Lift us, O Lord!

Out of the pressure of care
That weighs down our souls to the dust,
The clinging to all that is fair,
Yet food for the moth and the rust,
Lift us, O Lord!

Out of our poor human pride,
Pride that dare live in Thy sight,
Out of the doubts that may hide
Thy mercy, Thy Love, and Thy light,
Lift us, O Lord!

Out of the self that would hoard
Thy gifts and leave others the tears;
Out of life's weariness, Lord,
That grows with the growth of the years,
Lift us, O Lord!

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

Into the light of Thy love,
Thou who didst die and art risen,
Into the peace from above,
Out of sin's sorrowful prison,
Lift us, O Lord!

Oh, to be risen with Thee,
And in Thy victory strong!
Then like the shadows should flee
Faithlessness, weakness, and wrong,
Lift us, O Lord!

The Christ Child

Come Christ Child in Thy lowliness,
Put our poor pride to shame!
In glittering gold and brodered dress
To the world's feast of pleasures press
Those callèd by Thy Name.

Come Christ Child in Thy lowliness,
And bid them turn to see
The Lord of Earth and Heaven so poor,
No house would ope to Him its door
In gentle charity.

Come Christ Child in Thy tenderness,
The hearts of men are cold,
Thy suffering poor have small redress,
And many a root of bitterness
Springs up within Thy fold.

Come Christ Child in Thy tenderness
And with Thy touch Divine,
Loose thou the bonds of earthly stress;
Our softened hearts with pity bless,
That makes them kin to Thine!

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

Come Christ Child in Thy Holiness!

With covered face we cry—
Our lips unworthy to express
The worship due Thy Perfectness,
O Son of God Most High!

Come Christ Child in Thy Holiness!

O hear the angels cry!—
Thou bringest rest for weariness;
Thou bringest joy for heaviness.
The Prince of Peace draws nigh!

Light of Life

When Thou camest Light of Light
To a world all wrapped in night
 When thou camest as the Day Star from on
 high,
Thine angels sang of peace,
Good will that should not cease,
 And the Glory of their gladness filled the
 sky.

When Thou camest in Thy Love
From Thy Father's Throne above,
 In Thy pity for the sad world lost in sin,
Thy wingèd legions sang
And the vault of heaven rang
 That Thy blessed reign on earth should
 now begin.

O, Light of Light! that song
Through the ages all along
 Has echoed in the glad souls won to Thee,
And we pray at Christmas tide
For all souls for whom Christ died,
 That the fullness of His mercy they may
 see.

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

While Christmas bells repeat
The strain so old, so sweet,
 Peace, peace on earth and unto men good
 will
We pray that all may hear
The glorious message clear
 That Love Eternal sends His children
 still.

Good will, good will and peace!
Lord may they still increase!
 And Thy Holy Presence lighten more and
 more;
May poor souls bound in sin,
Let the dear Christ Child in,
 Who standeth ever pleading at the door.

Lent

Dear Lententide, that like a quiet way
Leads from life's noisy thoroughfare apart,
Thy shadowed silence falls upon the day
And stills the restless beating of the heart.

We pass within thy sacred shade and lo!
Yielding our spirit to thine influence sweet,
Upon the path before us, as we go,
We see the imprint of our master's feet.

Those blessed feet that trod for our poor sake
The way of matchless sacrifice and pain,
To sanctify earth's sorrows and to make
A path of peace through all life's tumult
plain.

Well may we hold thee dear, O Lententide,
Who helpest us with clearer eyes to see
The way He went, the cross on which He died,
The love that compasseth eternity.

Hail! quiet time that teachest us to bear
A little hardness for that Holy Name,
That helpest us perchance the cup to share
Which He so deeply drank of woe and shame.

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

**O children of His Church, turn not away!
Draw close and ever closer to His side,
So when the glory dawns of Easter Day,
For you the gates of joy shall open wide.**

A Little While

Can we not watch with Him a little while?

**It is the self-same voice that calls us yet,
And still the eager world would us beguile
And stop our ears and lure us to forget.**

**Can we not watch with Him? For us He trod,
Through burning days and awful nights, alone,
The pathless wilderness. The Son of God
Hungred for bread and only found a stone.**

**Shall we not follow on the painful road
The Man of Sorrow and the Lord of Love,
Bending for us beneath sin's dreadful load
That He might lift us to the Peace above?**

**"Could ye not watch with Me one hour?" He said
To those who slept while He in agony
All through that hour to the Father prayed,
Wrapt in the shadows of Gethsemane.**

**Oh, is it nothing to you, passer-by?
Behold and see if there be any woe
Like unto His who for the world could die
The thankless world that can forget Him so!**

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

Lord, give us grace to love Thee! Then in vain
Pleasures or cares would tempt us from Thy
side.

Our faithful hearts will keep Thy Lent again,
And we shall clasp Thy feet at Easter-tide.

A Thought for Lent

Grant Lord that Lent may be
A Spring-tide of the soul to me;
That in the garden of my heart may rise
Things pleasant to Thine eyes.
That evil weeds of selfishness and sin
May find no place therein.

Sweet violets for deep humility,
"Pansies for thoughts" O Blessed Lord, of Thee,
And lilies white as snow, to bring to mind
That Thou of all mankind
Alone was pure and spotless, yet did'st bear,
Out of Thy boundless love, the sinner's share,
And rue for sorrow that our guilt should bring
To our dear Master, shame and suffering.

Lord, grant that Lent may be
A spring-tide of the soul to me;
That in the quiet of these shadowed days
In quickened penitence, adoring praise,
I feel the fulness of the Love Divine
That makes us sinners Thine,
And freely drawing from Thy priceless store
May love Thee more and more.

An Easter Thought

"Ah, to have seen Him!" you say;
 "To have heard Him but call me by name
In the dawn of that wonderful day,
 Like her who in wretchedness came
And in rapture of joy went away!

"Ah, to have knelt there—how sweet!
 In the garden made holy for aye,
To have kissed but the print of His feet,
 As He went on His glorified way,
His sorrowful loved ones to greet.

"Faith that might mountains remove,
 Hope that could reach unto heaven,
Quenchless and limitless love,
 To those who thus saw Him were given,
Thenceforth they lived but to prove.

"Such gifts were mine, had I seen
 What to them, happy souls, was allowed.
Alas! for the ages between
 Of sin and of doubt! Like a cloud
They dim the pure glory serene."

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

Soul, canst thou doubt or forget?

Hark! through the ages it sounds:

"Blessed who saw not and yet

Believed in the print of My wounds,
In faith their Redeemer have met."

He says not to us: "Touch me not!"

"'Tis I! children, be not afraid."

O Passover, slain without spot,

We come to the Feast Thou hast made,
Unworthy, yet faltering not.

We come, when the East is aglow

With the light of Thy rising, O King!

We come at Thy feet to bend low,

And down at Thine altar to fling
Hearts Thou canst make whiter than snow!

Easter Communion

O fragrant stillness! Is it not a breath
From that blest garden where our Master lay,
Locked in the awful mystery of death,
Until the dawning of the great third day?

O fragrant stillness! Almost we can hear,
In the dim twilight of the holy place,
Sad Mary's footsteps, as she lingers near,
Yearning with broken heart, to see His face.

"Tell me where thou hast laid him!" Faintly fall
The piteous accents, and anon a voice
Breathes "Mary." We can hear the rapturous call,
"Rabboni!" and our souls with her rejoice.

Rabboni! Master, Saviour, risen Lord!
We come to meet Thee; not as Mary came,
In hopeless love, but at Thy gracious word
We come, our King to worship and to claim.

Thus in the sacred dawn, while flowers exhale
Their happy incense to the King of Kings,
We gain a glimpse of that beyond the veil,
And hear the rustle of the angel's wings.

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

Earth borders close on Heaven! Thus to kneel
Low at Thine altar, meekly to receive
Our Paschal Lamb, Thy presence thus to feel,
Thy words of deathless comfort to believe.

Day breaks, and from the portals of the East
Comes forth the Easter sun, and pours his rays
On the wide world. Come to the Heavenly Feast,
And join the world-wide anthem in His praise.

The Wide World Round

Easter, the wide world round!
Since on the Day of Days,
On that blest garden ground
Were shed His glorious rays,
And earth, in glad affright,
Shook at the wondrous sight,
And on her breast the flowers in rapture sweet
Poured out their perfumes at His wounded feet.

Easter, the wide world round!
Where winter lingers yet,
The first wild flowers are found,
In hidden places set.
In the early dawn of day,
Ere the gold breaks through the grey,
They whisper softly of the great, glad story,
And, looking eastward, wait the rising glory.

Easter, the wide world through!
Here, where the winds of balm
A myriad blossoms woo
And stir the slumbering palm,
Here, ere the fragrant night
Thrills with the coming light,
An incense rises and a whisper goes
From bending lily to the listening rose.

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

Easter, the whole world through!
His altars everywhere,
By loving hearts and true
Garnished with tender care,
Made beautiful and meet
The coming King to greet,
And the wide earth His temple, richly dressed
With happy flowers to hail our glorious guest.

Risen

Rise! get thee up out of this weary land,
Where gathering shadows press about thy way,
Where haunting shapes enclose on every hand,
And slothful footsteps sink in miry clay.

Rise, get thee up! Here brooding darkness hides
The dawning splendor of the happy day,
And doubt, low whispering at thine ear, abides
And mocks at higher hope and bids thee stay.

Flee to the mountains! Though the path be rude,
Up! though with bruised feet and lab'ring
breath,
Up! though by tempting phantoms still pursued;
Life is above thee, and below thee—Death!

Lo! where thou standest, opening to thy sight,
The East is all aglow with golden fire;
And Easter glory floods with holy light
Thy trembling soul, and wakens pure desire.

Where is the darkness now, O wondering soul?
A captive freed, thou comest forth from prison!
Like leaden clouds thy bleak doubts backward roll;
For thee the Sun of Righteousness is risen.

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

O Light of Light, Who for our sakes didst veil
In human form Thy glory, and hast known
Temptation, shame, and death, and didst prevail
That we in Thee might not be overthrown,

Help those who know not they are poor and blind,
Who, satisfied in darkness, crave not sight,
Out of themselves the upward path to find
That leads, O Risen Saviour, to Thy Light!

O Happy Dawn

O happy dawn! was never day so bright
Since that first morning, when the new-born
world
Heard the Creator's voice: "Let there be light,"
And dreadful darkness from His throne was
hurled.

O happy dawn! We come with eager feet
To hail thee, herald of the King of Kings,
The Rising Sun of Righteousness to greet,
Who comes with balm of healing on His wings.

The broken hearted women came to spend
On Thy dear form their ointments and their
tears.

To them Thy cruel cross had made an end,
And left them only wretchedness and fears;

And now, of this poor comfort, too, despoiled,
They turn in anguish from Thy tomb unsealed.
And lo! the powers of death forever foiled!
The Living Christ to their glad eyes revealed!

Not as the women mourning for Thy death,
We seek Thee at the dawning of the day,
Bearing the precious ointment of our faith,
Meet offering at Thy blessed feet to lay.

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

Joyful through Hope, the Hope which Thou hast
given,

Rooted in Love that ever springs from Thee,
So may we come to meet Thee who from Heaven
Stoopest to give Thyself to such as we.

So hastening to Thine altar we shall find
In trembling joy our Risen Master there,
And thus adoring ever closer bind
Our souls to Thee, in penitence and prayer.

"The Resurrection and The Life"

Gathered and garnered one by one,
By the hand of Love,
The day of their earthly life is done
And they rest above.

Gathered and garnered one by one,
Yet we shed the tear
Of hopeless pain, as we journey on
For the lost and dear!

Of hopeless pain! O, thou faithless heart
Thou canst nothing see
But the grave that covers the earthly part
That was knit to thee!

The past that is past is with thee yet,
And it mocks thy tears
With pictures, keen as thy vain regret,
Of the vanished years.

Harken, O harken, and thou shalt hear,
Through thy twilight gloom,
A voice as the trumpet strong and clear
That shall rend the tomb.

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

"The Resurrection and Life am I."

O Christ above!

Our hearts are pierced by that wondrous cry
Of conquering Love.

"The Resurrection and Life am I."

And we see Thee stand,

Pointing the way to the opening sky
With Thy piercèd hand.

The light on that Easter morn that rose

On our graves doth shine,

And our hearts are healed by the balm that
flows

From His touch Divine.

Soboda Springs (California.)

This is the land of dreams,
A valley circled by mountains.
Tier upon tier they rise,
Is there a region beyond them?

This is the land of dreams,
A valley, desert and wild-wood,
The sun as into a cup
Pours down his fervors upon it.

Rose and pearl are his rays
In the first flush of the morning,
Fiercely white through the noon
Crimson as blood at his setting.

Fading and darkening then,
Full filled of tenderest shadows,
Peopled by dreams that awaited
The coming of moonlight or starlight,

This is the valley of dreams;
They creep like a mist from the hollow,
Where the pool looked up at the sun,
Unblinking, guarding its secret.

DRAKE'S BAY AND OTHER POEMS

Out of the deepest shade
Cast by the rocks in the moonlight,
Gliding they come and enfold you
With spells that are sweeter than music.

This is the valley of dreams;
The whispering wildwood exhales them.
They come on the breath of the breeze
And touch you with infinite solace.

JUNE 1913.

O Thou, Great Lord of All

O Thou, great Lord of all,
By whom kings rule or fall,
Powers rise and wane,
Thy richest blessings still
We ask on her whose will
Thy purpose to fulfill,
Has crowned her reign.

O Father, at whose feet
In lowly service meet
Her crown she cast,
Lead thou her gently on
Till kingly cares are gone;
To where, earth's labors done,
Rest comes at last.

There may the King of Love,
Who reigns all kings above
In light serene,
Beyond all jars or fret,
In heavenly places set
Her whom we honor yet—
England's loved Queen.

Added to the national anthem on the occasion of
Queen Victoria's Jubilee.

A Golden Wedding

Fifty years together,
In fair or clouded weather;
Fifty years today!
Since in life's golden morning,
With love and hope adorning
The happy opening way,
Upon the journey starting,
You've traveled without parting—
Still each the other's stay.

Fifty years together
In fair or clouded weather—
And mostly days were fair—
From Spring with budding flowers,
To Autumn's peaceful hours,
With more of joy than care.
And still, if God so will it,
Our wish—may He fulfill it—
Bright, happy years in store—
Still each the other's lover,
And when life's journey over
May you best joys discover
Upon the other shore.

Written on the fiftieth anniversary of the marriage
of Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Tuller of Columbus, Ohio.—Santa
Monica, February 5, 1912.





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